

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MRS. M. R. WALTON.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—All communications intended for this department should be addressed to Mrs. M. R. Walton, Fort Worth, Tex.

"And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air sweet with the breath of pine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child that would be king one day.
Of a kingdom not human but divine."
—LONGFELLOW.

The children of men, at whatever age, are best taught by realism, and in this busy, practical, everyday world of ours, sentiment is apt to be forgotten. It is therefore well that Christmas comes once a year to call off our thoughts and allow for even a short space the tender chords of nature to vibrate as memory wakes them.

Nineteen hundred years ago "when shepherds watched their flocks by night," was penned a song that brought forth tidings, and a star shone out, the light of which has never been quenched, but shines and will continue to shine upon the perfect day. Down the ages comes the echo of the joyful shout that angels then sounded, "Peace on earth, good will to men," an echo that enters homes and quickens heart throbs. The note that was loosed in heaven makes melody on earth and at Christmas tide joy and gladness abound. Wreaths of holy, branches of mistletoe opportunely placed, Christmas trees bending with heavy burdens, all betoken that in these homes there is love and joy.

In all perfect pictures light and shade have played what parts in the song, "Peace and good will." Then what better time to lift a shadow from heart or hearth than Christmas time? A friendship has cooled, a slight misunderstanding has crept in, comrades once are almost strangers now; why not peace? Why not some little token, even from the one who is aggrieved, which may serve to rivet again that which has been severed?

"Good will to men." There are homes in which to-day there is neither love nor mistletoe, nor sound of joy, not even the smile of plenty; homes that are dark because of bereavement, that are chill and desolate because want fills the space of better things.

The wise men brought gifts to the king, they brought kingly gifts, but to a king who said to his subjects that a cup of cold water in his name will not go unrewarded. The motive glorifies the deed. A growing plant sent to an invalid, a warm shawl or jacket to a hard-working or aged woman, a toy to a child, these are the gifts that make the season a season that celebrates the birth of him who went about doing good.

It is a pretty custom at this time to decorate the Christmas tree with gifts in grander, nobler strains than on other days, but these customs are meaningless unless the devout worshippers kneel they think of some one they can that day make happy; if on Christmas day they do not forget all grudges and enmities and are ready to extend a friendly grasp to those from whom they have been withheld; if in the gift-making they fail to heed the lesson that was taught when heeds were laid at the feet of a helpless, poor, humble little child lying in a manger, yet guarded by heavenly hosts, as are his poor followers in earth's lowest station.

A word on gift-making. Do not make the gift expressions, let it make its own expression and speak a sentiment that will need no interpretation. It often happens that a dainty trifle speaks more of affection than the costliest offering, because it tells of consideration for your taste or your fancies, and if it represents labor or painstaking it is more valuable when given than money. Then, too, there is grace in the acceptance; it is not every one who knows how to receive a gift. Because some wealthier person than yourself sends to you a costly gift, do not feel that you must return in kind. It would rob the giver of much sincere pleasure were you to do this.

In after days return the gift, if you choose, but do not feel it an obligation, and when you do, let it be an expression of yourself. A gift that carries with it the evidence of skill, of love and of thoughtfulness is of greater value than anything money can purchase.

The secret of successful gift-making is in the appropriateness and clear discrimination as to what would be most useful in short, in Christmas offerings as in other things, use the good, plain, common sense that seldom makes mistakes. The better way to preserve this precious holiday is not to indulge in extravagance in any of its observances.

Without undue presumption of the ego the editor of this department asks permission to extend a Christmas greeting to all its readers. May joy and gladness permeate the homes THE GAZETTE enters, and jolly reign supreme around every hearthstone. And as the Christmas bells ring may every heart beat in happy unison. Under the mistletoe may true love be kindled, and happy children find in full stockings and gift-laden trees an assurance that though "Pan is dead," Kris Kringle lives, and Santa Claus still reigns his reindeer, and that the jolly saint has been at his business. A merry Christmas to all.

Chat on Fashions.

Simply because we are creatures of habit and that there would be a certain sense of disappointment if something were not said of garments, is the chatter-box unlocked. It is said that this is the age of revivals, and there seems reason for this designation when the Queen Anne ruffles, the Henri Deux collarettes and capes, the Louis Quinze coats and furs, with other quaint devices, are remembered. It is also the age of thrift and economy, an economy that is unsuspected because it is deftly hidden by a skill that defies detection. "See my nice new slippers," said a pretty girl, as she put on her dainty No. 2.

Silver slippers! You extravagant puss! No, not that, these are my old shoes, I bought silver gilt, or whatever it is called, and see! Yes, they were pretty silver shoes, a Cinderella might wear. But those embroidered silk stockings! That is extravagance. Not a bit of it. I bought some plain ones at a closing-out sale, got some of those bunches of mixed embroidered silks, and last summer put in my idle moments in adorning them.

"This was the same girl who makes a feather, a bunch of flowers, bits of silk, velvet and ribbon answer for delicious confections in millinery for the theater, the church and the street, while her big brother swells his brother's bill in proportion to his head. She will from the gowns that have lost their freshness evolve a ravishing tea-gown, and by the aid of a black velvet jacket and several fancy waists of surah or China silk make

a beholder fancy the old lace and silk skirts that have done good service are the most charming of house toilets. This is that girl who does her own shopping, using her mind and exercising her brain in selections, and knows that good material is cheapest, and that to wait until the first craze is past is wisest. When this young woman goes out on her shopping expedition she is apt to wear a blue serge gown plainly made, not so much because it is the fashionable fabric this winter, as because it is serviceable and becoming.

Corsetry and feather trimming is unabating, and the price continually advancing. This is not caused so much by the McKinley bill as by the fact that the ostrich with its well-known silliness continues to bear only the same amount of plumage and it is a case of demand in excess of supply. Boas in every color are shown, and for wear at all places. When this trimming is applied it is prettier to have narrow lengths of it attached under the goods to protrude without lying on the surface.

Corduroy velvet is much admired, and a very handsome gown was recently finished by a fashionable milliner. The bodice is of gray silk, fashioned like a corset, and the skirt is of velvet with steel beads. Another dress is of gold and blue cloth. The bodice is cut like a cavalier coat and decked all over with steel drops.

This leads to the remark that in metallic trimmings nothing is quite so toned nor quite as expensive as is cut steel. In no combination is it prettier than with blue or gray cloth.

When the spunky little California woman called Ella Wheeler Wilcox "a crazy mouse," it is fair to suppose she had expended her venom, but the mouse went on writing poetry and wearing her gray coat with a nonchalance that while it bespeaks indifference to her reviewer's opinion, at the same time shows a quiet taste in dress that is commendable. Fashion sanctions this opinion, and the winter costumes show a decided preference for this neutral tint. What prettier dinner costume than the following could be devised:

Pearl gray faille and cream mousseline de soie. Underskirt of killed cream mousseline. Long pointed train of pearl gray faille, which extends into a skirt on the right side and a part of the front, allowing the whole left side of the plaited mousseline to show. The pearl gray faille is slashed on the right side and the edges are trimmed with pearl gray feathers. Above, near the top, a large tuft of pearl gray and plum colored feathers is attached. The bodice consists of a Russian chemise of mousseline and a corset of plum colored velvet. The chemise is killed like the skirt, cut heart shape, very much puffed out at the chest, pulled down the back and trimmed around the neck with white stripes of feathers. Short peasant sleeves, having loose bell sleeves down the fore arm. The velvet corset reaching well up under the arm, curves downward in the front and is slashed and graduated to the small of the waist. The white chemise shows through the front corset, which is joined with antique gold clasps graduated in size as the corset is graduated. A thick pearl gray feather bodice encircles the neck, and the pearl gray Swedish gloves reaching partly over the upper arm; pearl gray feather fan with mother of pearl mounting.

For the grand dame who loves a warmer tone there is an elegant dinner dress of velvet in golden-brown of medium tone, with vest and tablier of white satin brocade, bordered at the foot with rich passementerie of dioriated designs in brown and gold, and narrow passementerie to match trimming the collar and cuffs. And for a young matron, what can be said against a combination of black velvet and blue satin? The trim waist is of black coral velvet with Breton vest and tablier of stone blue satin of delicate shade, bordered with black velvet in fern design, the tablier framed in with a full ruche of blue sarcenet ribbon with black pearl edge, the ruche finishing also the neck and the sleeves.

Not to seem utterly oblivious of a young girl's thoughts in holiday times here are some charming creations in evening dresses that will touch the pocket of poor papa more lightly than do investments in bonds and stocks. For a brunette there is a pink crepe de chine and faille. The whole dress is made over a very deep old rose silk under dress. Narrow, but very long train of satin. Side and front skirt gathered with a pink mousseline de soie dounce hand embroidered with tea roses, each rose lying in the lower festoon, with stem running upward, side and front draped with crepe, looped only about the hips, and deeply embroidered with tea roses, whose stems are tied with pink Louis XV. bows. This skirt is gathered in at the neck, which fall over the lower dounce, and the upper point of each scallop are garnished with an old rose butterfly. Plain crape back bodice, front bodice disposed in small folds coming from the side and waist point of bodice that all meet in front near the décolleté, and there are caught with a diamond brooch. This skirt has a very antique trimming, which consists of brownish green feathers about four inches wide, which, beginning on the left hand upper end of the train, is applied all along the edge of it, crosses the loopings of the crepe de chine on the left, mounts up, is coiled round the waist, then crosses around the other side on the left shoulder with a tuft of tips of the same color. A similar tuft holds the drapery of the skirt on the right and the serpentine coil of the feather trimmings. Crepe sleeves, bias cut, puffing on the shoulders and fastened with a band of feathers half way up the forearm, and following it are three model evening dresses.

The first is of crepe de chine, is of rose color with side-grooves, side-bodices and sleeves of satin brocade of white star jessamine design, on rose colored ground-lace.

Another pretty gown for evening wear has a round skirt of cream white satin striped vertically, the front of the skirt bordered at the foot with a puffing of white silk tulle set with cluster bows of No. 1 white satin ribbon. The sleeves are of point Genesee lace over pale pink ottoman silk.

A third model is of satin in maize color, covered all over with drapery of maize colored figured silk tulle, the drapery confined here and there with turquoise blue velvet ribbon, bow of the ribbon holding sheaves of natural wheat.

The newest bonnets are many of them of the plate form and made of varied

material—cloth, velvet, bordered with either beaver or Astrakhan and trimmed with wings or ostrich plumes.

Velveten jacket and knit suits for boys of four to eight years, and a surah blouse of cream, yellow, red or blue.

A fashion recently set by one of the elite of the metropolis is the revival of the Spanish mantilla for theater wear.

The latest fad of wealthy and fastidious ladies is a craze, not for crazy-quits, but silk sheets, daintily embroidered.

Bonnets are quite small; they are short at the sides, and rather pointed, back and front—rather the shape of half a melon.

Berthas or neck pieces of light feather ruffling, with ostrich tips to be worn on either shoulder, and a similar, though smaller, bunch for the hair.

Cloaks are loose and long, often drawn in at the waist, the back by the hand, and are trimmed with fur or passementerie, or are plain, as is fancied.

For evening dress the skirt is cut with a train more or less long, as the fancy may dictate, though dancing dresses are nearly always short, as so much more convenient.

Talms or long capes, reaching down to the hip, are made of light colored cloth. The back, front and sleeves and the Stuart collar are trimmed with colored passementerie.

A new bedspread, in marked contrast, is made of coarse linen sheeting, bordered all over in gold-colored silk in bold, conventional designs, wrought in the long-stem stitch known to our grandmothers.

Fullness or trimmings of some sort continue to be put on nearly all bodices, except the cuirass ones; and they cross or open over vests or plastrons, or are ornamented with passementerie, just as the fancy dictates.

Sleeves are made a trifle wider than formerly, but there is a tendency to make them not quite so high at the top, and the shoulder seam a little longer. They are also made longer at the hand, quite covering the wrists and in some cases reaching to the back of the hand.

But few silks are seen in out-of-door wear, cloths and woolsens of various kinds taking the place of silk, even in visiting dresses. Light woolen fabrics are also much worn in the house, while silks, bengalines, crepes and gauzes are used for evening and ceremonious occasions.

Small panthers have appeared on some of the imported silks, especially those intended for full-dress wear. The fullness reaches from the front of the waist, over the hips, and is gathered under the plaits of the skirt at the back. This drapery is frequently of some different material from the skirt; it may correspond with the sleeves or bodice.

Perhaps some of the ladies would like to know that satin stripe grenadines will be a very important factor among the new goods to come, and are considered to be one of the very latest fabrics. In making up the stripe will be cut to show the bias effect, both in bodice and skirt, which gives a new and unique style, and is entirely different to what we have had in the past.

Christmas Cottens.

Wicker hampers gilded, satin lined and filled with confectionery laid on lace paper, leaving the basket afterward for a jewel box or fancy work receptacle.

A pretty trifle for a favor or to adorn a Christmas tree is a tiny basket with a bow of brightly tinted silk, and a lace-edged strip, forming a bag, sewed to its edge. The hollow may be filled with bonbons or with perfumed cotton.

The safety-pin holder is shaped like a folding needle-book, with leaves for holding the different sizes of safety pins. The leaves are white flannel; the outside is covered with white India silk, with white silk feather stitching for a border.

A work bag which has the merit of affording the possibility of keeping the contents from being lost in the hopelessly tangled common to box interiors has for its top a strip of silk gathered upon a rush basket shaped like a shallow bowl.

A dainty bonbonniere is simply a satin bag with a calyx-like bottom of white kid, with pinked and delicately painted edges. The top is either hemmed or fringed, and is gathered together by drawing strings of narrow ribbon tied in many looped bows with ends.

A novel bag for dusters consists merely of a double square of the material, with a circular opening in the center of the upper one. Make the bag of pale blue pongee silk, and line with deep red silk. Feather-stitch across the corners, about six inches from each point, taking the stitches through the two squares. Sew a red plush ball at the four points, and use red ribbons for the draw strings.

A novel calendar is made from a piece of celluloid or glass, upon which are painted yellow bell-shaped flowers with their leaves. Notch the edge of the crescent, and make incisions, through which may pass three yellow ribbons of unequal lengths. Two openings, about half an inch apart, are required for each ribbon. Upon the shortest one are printed the days of the week; the second ribbon, which is twice the length of the first, has upon it the names of the twelve months; and on the longest ribbon are the figures from one to thirty-one inclusive, the number of days in the month. The first and third ribbons are moved each day as the date changes; but the second one is only moved when there is a new month.

Female Labor in Cities.

Philadelphia Times.

A recent canvass of twenty cities yields some interesting data respecting female labor. According to the report made the average age at which girls begin to work is fifteen years and four months. Charleston, S. C., gives eighteen years and seven months, the highest average, and Newark, N. J., fourteen years and seven months, the lowest. Of 17,427 interviewed 14,129 were native born, 336 were Irish and 775 Mormons. 12,907 had foreign-born mothers; 15,357 were single women, 745 were married, 1038 widows; 8754 supported themselves and helped to support others; 9813 helped in home housekeeping; the statistics show that the health was impaired by work of 12,322 who reported; 373 earned less than \$100 a year.

In Atlanta the wages are the lowest in the twenty cities, the average being only \$4.06 per week. In San Francisco they are the highest, reaching \$6.96 per week. In New York the average is \$5.85, in Boston \$5.64, Chicago \$5.74, St. Paul \$5.02 and in New Orleans \$4.31.

How to Do It.

Boston Transcript.

There is an art in most things, even in the manner which a well-bred woman leaves her carriage, which shows if madame be accustomed to the surroundings of wealth or if it be an accident in

her life. If she put one foot out firmly upon the carriage step, before relinquishing the sitting posture and allow the body to follow easily and naturally, then you can be reasonably sure that a carriage has been one of the necessities of her life. Nothing is more awkward than to see a woman thrust her head forth first and then find herself forced to double back to accomplish the rest of the exit. Watch one who knows how to gracefully sink her weight from one foot to the other, almost without losing a perfectly perpendicular position, securing instantly a walking pose as she touches the ground, and the difference between her method and that of another who lands nearly in a tumble on the sidewalk will be discernible. A ridiculous combination of ignorance is occasionally seen where a woman, driving a cart or a phaeton, permits a companion to occupy the driver's seat while she handles the ribbons from the left.

IN THE SOUTH.

BY A MISSISSIPPI GIRL.

My love has gone up from the sun-circled South
And the teeth of the winter bite sharp in the
My love with the pomgranate red on her mouth
And the gold and the bronze of the South in her
hair.
With the flush in her cheeks like a crushed
pony's stains
And the warmth of the South like a wine in her
veins.

My love has gone out, and the South has grown
cold.
The gray moccasins swing over her delicate
feet
And the wet leaves are awaked in a hurrying
fold.
To lie in the spot she but touched with her feet,
And the last sheltered jasmine she bore in her
hand
When she and the summer went out of the land.

My love has gone up to the stretches of snow,
Where the rivers are harder and smoother than
And the North winds are bitter and keen as they
blow.
And the bits at the pulse and heart as they
pass;
And the skies are as dead skies—gray, pallid
and cold.
And they seem but the ghosts of the skies that
were gold.

My love, she is coming back to the South,
For the palms of the summer are warm in her
mouth.
And the pomgranate blooms are as red as her
mouth.
And the wild yellow jasmains are gold as her
hair.

And to-day a magnolia bloom, first on her tree,
From its sweet waxen chalice flung incense
o'er me.

They have brought back my love to her home in
the South:
Oh! pitiless wind of the North! cruel sleet!
And how could you bite at her pomgranate
mouth?

And how on her lower-lip heart could you beat?
The snow melts in the rain of the jasmains
And her grave by the rain of the jasmains
is washed.
And the snow never wears of pouring its
light.
And a mocking bird mourns there the whole of
the night.
ELLA RAGSBACK.

How Daughters Should be Educated.
To inaugurate an economical fashion is
well; only let it be one of prevention,
not of cure, says Mrs. Mary A. Liver-
more in the North American Review.

To rear a girl in absolute dependence,
wood for nothing, selfish in her aims and
exacting in her demands, is an aim against
the daughter, and against society. To
begin at her birth to economize and re-
frain every department of her life from the
accumulation of money, that this mon-
strous perversion of her life may be ac-
complished and maintained, is grotesque
and beastly. Girls thus trained will
fail of attaining a high order of woman-
hood. Their aims will be petty, their
ideals low, and nothing very excellent
can be expected of them in wifehood or
motherhood.

Let the reform inaugurated be made
fashionable and be carried on. Let us
begin a system of economy that will pre-
vent the evil which our author only pro-
poses to cure, and by an utter inade-
quate remedy. While we carefully
guard whatever is womanly in our
daughters, let them be trained to more
of fiber and firmness. Educate them to
self-denial, if pecuniary circumstances
demand it, and not to self-indulgence.

Accustom them to be of service in the
household, to regard economy as prais-
eworthy and even heroic, and to add to
their other accomplishments a practical
knowledge of work and the possession of
some lucrative vocation or industry by
which they can support themselves.
Such girls, when portionless, will carry
to their husbands dowries in themselves.

Recipes.

English Relish—Put bread crumbs
into a saucepan, with cream, salt and
pepper; when the crumbs have absorbed
all the cream or milk add a small piece
of butter, a little grated cheese, break
in a few eggs, and then fry as an ordi-
nary omelet.

Pocketbooks for tea—Take a cupful of
light and warm yeast, a cupful of warm,
sweet milk, two eggs beaten, a cupful of
sugar, a spoonful of grated orange peel
and nutmeg; add to this flour enough to
make a thin batter, and sit in a warm
place to rise. If you wish it for tea you
may make it better still by adding a touch
of the morning, and in two hours it ought
to be full of bubbles, and light. Then
pour this batter into sifted flour enough
to form into a rather stiff dough; add
salt and a lump of butter as big as an
egg. Work it thoroughly, and set it in
a tureen to rise again. When it is risen
it is ready to form into shapes called
pocketbooks. Roll this dough out upon the
board and roll out the dough half an
inch thick, smear the surface with but-
ter, cut into strips about six inches long
and two inches wide, fold them over and
over, and lay them within an inch of
each other on a warm and greased bak-
ing tin or pan; swap the tops over with
warm butter and a beaten egg; set
them now to rise, which will require an
hour. Just before you put them in the
oven you must slit some over them.

Mrs. Gladstone's mince meat—"Boil
a neat's tongue two hours, then skin it
and chop it as small as possible; chop
three pounds of fresh beef suet very fine,
three pounds of good baking apples,
four pounds of currants washed clean,
picked and well dried, and one pound of
raisins stoned and cleaned; mix all these
well together with one pound of
powdered sugar, one-half ounce of
mace, one-half ounce of nutmeg grated,
one-fourth ounce each of cloves and
cinnamon and one pint of French
brandy. Make a rich puff paste, and as
you fill the pie put in a little candied
citron and orange cut in small pieces;
when the pie is baked, cover up in an
earthen jar and add no citron or orange
until you use it."

Fig paste—Take one pound of figs,
chop them coarsely and boil with a pint
of water until reduced to a soft pulp,
strain through a fine sieve, add three
pounds of sugar and put into the double
boiler until it becomes stiff. Pour into a
mold.

Mash mallow—Dissolve one pound of
figs in a quart of water, strain, add one
pound of refined sugar, and place over a
fire, stirring continually until the sugar is
dissolved and the mixture has become of the
consistency of honey, next add gradually the
whites of eight eggs, well beaten, stirring
the mixture all the time until it loses its
thickness and does not adhere to the
spatula when touched. Pour into a jar

dusted with flour or starch and when
cold divide into small squares.

Prune whip—Use one pound of best
prunes, whites of four eggs, two-thirds
of a cup of fine white granulated sugar,
one-half pint of sweet cream, juice of
half a lemon. After the prunes are well
washed stew them till perfectly soft; add
sugar while cooking; when cold remove
the pits. Whip the whites of the eggs to
a stiff froth, adding prunes and lemon
juice; whip all together for ten or fifteen
minutes; put into a pudding dish and
bake for twenty minutes in a moderate
oven till a light brown. When very cold
serve with the cream whipped light and
slightly sweetened.

White fruit cake—One pound of flour,
one pound of pulverized sugar, half
a pound of butter, one teaspoon of citron
sliced thin, one cup of blanched and
chopped almonds, three teaspoons of grated
cocoa-nut, whites of sixteen eggs, two
teaspoonsful of baking powder and half
a cup of sweet milk; mix well and bake
in a moderate oven; ice with cocoanut
icing.

NEGLEE TOILETS.

Their Greek Simplicity and Classic
Gracefulness—Flannelettes.

Afternoon Tea Promise to Flourish—A Host-
ess by Her Rich Apparel Gives a Com-
pliment to Her Guests.

Special Correspondence of the Gazette.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1890.

CYNIC like Saint
Beuve may with a
certain amount of rea-
son assert that wo-
man is never less
like a woman than
when she is fashio-
nably dressed. But
such a remark does
not apply to her as
she often appears to
her intimates and to
her friends and ac-
quaintances in the
privacy of her apart-
ments, or in the de-
liciously restful at-
mosphere of the
home circle. Here,
in her negligee toi-
lets, you'll find her
arrayed in a garb of
almost Greek simplicity and classic grace-
fulness. The cut and make-up of
the costume will be eminently qualified
to display her fine figure, while the soft,
dull tones will set off her beautiful com-
plexion most admirably. Should
the song sound, and the servant
announce the arrival of some gen-
tleman before whom she desires to
pose as a handsome woman, she will
proceed to make a hasty but elaborate
toilet and present herself in a fashion-
able attire, and thus unconsciously de-
fect the very end she has in view. Pos-
sibly there may be cases in which it
might be improper for a lady to receive
a male visitor in her morning wrapper,
but it would depend largely on the na-
ture of the gentleman's errand. In a

woman's life each portion of the day
has its distinctive garb, and it often
borders upon affectation to apologize for
what is perfectly good form. Now-
days so many ladies affect art that I
need not crave your indulgence for set-
ting a charming little bohemian costume
at the head of this article. It is full of
grace and style, and entirely suitable
for even an oldish young person. It
consists of skirt and loose jacket in one
color and blouse in a lighter shade of the
same hue. Delightfully artistic colors
may easily be found in both cotton and
woolen cloth—the flannelette especially
being very cheap and having a pro-
nounced artistic air about them when
tastefully made up. The blouse should
be in strictest harmony with the tone
of the material, and, in case the
wearer has a white neck, will look ex-
tremely well when made with a wide
collar and worn with a soft, loose cravat,
carelessly tied. Instead of a blouse of
surah or silk and wool mixture, you may
wear silk jersey with a smocked front
and medial collar, provided one's neck
be too thin to display with advantage.
With the Bohemian costume there goes a
certain style of frisure which must be
quite unconventional and personal, by
which I mean that a woman must ac-
centuate any telling point in the quality
and growth of her hair. For instance,
if she have a cowlick, display it in a
striking manner; if she have a hand-
some, low forehead, roll her hair boldly
back from it; if her hair has a tendency
to curl naturally, encourage it to its
fullest bent; if there be a quaint V-
growth of hair on the forehead, make
the most of it.

In this busy country, where a lady
often goes from the breakfast table to
the shops, there is no opportunity to dis-
play an elegant morning gown. She
makes her appearance clad in her con-
ventional and tight-fitting tailor-made,
armed for the conflict of the day, and I
must confess that modern life, as it be-
comes less and less picturesque, makes
the old-fashioned morning robe a rather
rude garment. Hence our sex, which
is always frugal-minded when it can be
so and still keep up appearances, seizes
upon the opportunity to be economical
and contents itself with a plain morning
wrapper—a garment often quite hideous
in its plainness, and an absolute sacrifice
of the ornamental to the useful.

Another reason, possibly, why the
woman's life each portion of the day
has its distinctive garb, and it often
borders upon affectation to apologize for
what is perfectly good form. Now-
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collar and worn with a soft, loose cravat,
carelessly tied. Instead of a blouse of
surah or silk and wool mixture, you may
wear silk jersey with a smocked front
and medial collar, provided one's neck
be too thin to display with advantage.
With the Bohemian costume there goes a
certain style of frisure which must be
quite unconventional and personal, by
which I mean that a woman must ac-
centuate any telling point in the quality
and growth of her hair. For instance,
if she have a cowlick, display it in a
striking manner; if she have a hand-
some, low forehead, roll her hair boldly
back from it; if her hair has a tendency
to curl naturally, encourage it to its
fullest bent; if there be a quaint V-
growth of hair on the forehead, make
the most of it.

In this busy country, where a lady
often goes from the breakfast table to
the shops, there is no opportunity to dis-
play an elegant morning gown. She
makes her appearance clad in her con-
ventional and tight-fitting tailor-made,
armed for the conflict of the day, and I
must confess that modern life, as it be-
comes less and less picturesque, makes
the old-fashioned morning robe a rather
rude garment. Hence our sex, which
is always frugal-minded when it can be
so and still keep up appearances, seizes
upon the opportunity to be economical
and contents itself with a plain morning
wrapper—a garment often quite hideous
in its plainness, and an absolute sacrifice
of the ornamental to the useful.

Another reason, possibly, why the
woman's life each portion of the day
has its distinctive garb, and it often
borders upon affectation to apologize for
what is perfectly good form. Now-
days so many ladies affect art that I
need not crave your indulgence for set-
ting a charming little bohemian costume
at the head of this article. It is full of
grace and style, and entirely suitable
for even an oldish young person. It
consists of skirt and loose jacket in one
color and blouse in a lighter shade of the
same hue. Delightfully artistic colors
may easily be found in both cotton and
woolen cloth—the flannelette especially
being very cheap and having a pro-
nounced artistic air about them when
tastefully made up. The blouse should
be in strictest harmony with the tone
of the material, and, in case the
wearer has a white neck, will look ex-
tremely well when made with a wide
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